

THE ROVER: A DOLLAR WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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HAZLITT'S CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPERE.

WILEY & PUTNAM have issued, as the seventeenth number of their "Library of Choice Reading," Hazlitt's Characters of Shakspeare, which should accompany every copy of the works of the great dramatist throughout the land—worthy companions in any gentleman's library. So much do we admire the work, that we venture to introduce its style and humor to our readers, believing that it will be a sufficient inducement for many of them to procure the entire work. We will select portions of the admirable essay on the character of Falstaff. You will see that we have prepared two illustrations, representing different incidents in the notable career of that illustrious person who has designated himself as "sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant being as he is, old Jack Falstaff;" but whom Prince Henry calls "that villainous, abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan."

By-the-bye, our readers would be gratified by looking into the store of Wiley & Putnam, and examining their valuable collection of foreign and American books, unless they are fearful that a book mania might seize them, and tempt them into the outlay of a few torn and soiled bank notes.

If Shakspeare's fondness for the ludicrous sometimes led to faults in his tragedies (which was not often the case) he has made us amends by the character of Falstaff. This is perhaps the most substantial comic character that ever was invented. Sir John carries a most portly presence in the mind's eye; and in him, not to speak it profanely, "we behold the fulness of the spirit of wit and humor bodily." We are as well acquainted with his person as his mind, and his jokes

come upon us with double force and relish from the quantity of flesh through which they make their way, as he shakes his fat sides with laughter, or "lards the lean earth as he walks along." Other comic characters seem, if we approach and handle them, to resolve themselves into air, "into thin air;" but this is embodied and palpable to the grossest apprehension: it lies "three fingers deep upon the ribs;" it plays about the lungs and the diaphragm with all the force of animal enjoyment. His body is like a good estate to his mind, from which he receives rents and revenues of profit and pleasure in kind, according to its extent, and the richness of the soil. Wit is often a meagre substitute for pleasurable sensation; an effusion of spleen and petty spite at the comforts of others, from feeling none in itself. Falstaff's wit is an emanation of a fine constitution; an exuberance of good-humor and good-nature; an overflowing of his love of laughter and good-fellowship; a giving vent to his heart's ease and over-contentment with himself and others. He would not be in character, if he were not so fat as he is; for there is the greatest keeping in the boundless luxury of his imagination and the pampered self-indulgence of his physical appetites. He manures and nourishes his mind with jests, as he does his body with sack and sugar. He carves out his jokes, as he would a capon, or a haunch of venison, where there is *cut and come again*; and pours out upon them the oil of gladness. His tongue drops fatness, and in the chambers of his brain "it snows of meat and drink." He keeps up perpetual holiday and open house, and we live with him in a round of invitations to a rump and dozen. Yet we are not to suppose that he was a mere sensualist. All this is as much in imagination as in reality. His sensuality does not engross and stupify his other faculties, but "ascends me into the brain, clears away all the dull, crude vapors that environ it, and makes it full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes." His imagination keeps up the ball after his senses have done with it. He seems to have even a greater enjoyment of the freedom from re-

straint, of good cheer, of his ease, of his vanity, in the ideal exaggerated descriptions which he gives of them, than in fact. He never fails to enrich his discourse with allusions to eating and drinking, but we never see him at table. He carries his own larder about with him, and he is himself "a tun of man." His pulling out the bottle in the field of battle is a joke to show his contempt for glory accompanied with danger, his systematic adherence to his Epicurean philosophy in the most trying circumstances. Again, such is his deliberate exaggeration of his own vices, that it does not seem quite certain whether the account of his hostess's bill, found in his pocket, with such an out-of-the-way charge for capons and sack with only one halfpenny-worth of bread, was not put there by himself as a trick to humor the jest upon his favorite propensities, and as a conscious caricature of himself. He is represented as a liar, a braggart, a coward, a glutton, &c., for he is all these as much to amuse others as to gratify himself. He openly assumes all these characters to show the humorous part of them. The unrestrained indulgence of his own ease, appetites, and convenience, has neither malice nor hypocrisy in it. In a word, he is an actor in himself almost as much as upon the stage, and we no more object to the character of Falstaff in a moral point of view than we should think of bringing an excellent comedian, who should represent him to the life, before one of the police offices. We only consider the number of pleasant lights in which he puts certain foibles (the more pleasant as they are opposed to the received rules and necessary restraints of society) and do not trouble ourselves about the consequences resulting from them, for no mischievous consequences do result. Sir John is old as well as fat, which gives a melancholy retrospective tinge to the character; and by the disparity between the inclinations and his capacity for enjoyment, makes it still more ludicrous and fantastical.

The secret of Falstaff's wit is for the most part a masterly presence of mind, an absolute self-possession, which nothing can disturb. His repartees are involuntary suggestions of his self-love; instinctive evasions of everything that threatens to interrupt the career of his triumphant jollity and self-complacency. His very size floats him out of all his difficulties in a sea of rich conceits; and he turns round on the pivot of his convenience, with every occasion and at a moment's warning. His natural repugnance to every unpleasant thought or circumstance of itself makes light of objections, and provokes the most extravagant and licentious answers in his own justification. His indifference to truth puts no check upon his invention, and the more improbable and unexpected his contrivances are, the more happily does he seem to be delivered of them, the anticipation of their effect acting as a stimulus to the gayety of his fancy. The success of one adventurous sally gives him spirits to undertake another: he deals always in round numbers, and his exaggerations and excuses are "open, palpable, monstrous as the father that begets them." His dissolute carelessness of what he says discovers itself in the first dialogue with the Prince.

"FALSTAFF. By the lord, thou say'st true, lad; and is not mine hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?"

P. HENRY. As the honey of Hiblea, my old lad of the castle; and is not a buff-jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?"

FALSTAFF. How now, how now, mad wag, what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff-jerkin?"

P. HENRY. Why, what a pox have I to do with mine hostess of the tavern?"

In the same scene he afterward affects melancholy, from pure satisfaction of heart, and professes reform, because it is the farthest thing in the world from his thoughts. He has no qualms of conscience, and therefore would as soon talk of them as of anything else when the humor takes him.

His account of his pretended resistance to the robbers, "who grew from four men in buckram into eleven" as the imagination of his own valor increased with his relating it, his getting off when the truth is discovered by pretending he knew the Prince, the scene in which in the person of the old king he lectures the prince and gives himself a good character, the soliloquy on honor, and description of his new-raised recruits, his meeting with the chief justice, his abuse of the Prince and Poin, who overhear him, to Doll Taresheet, his reconciliation with Mrs. Quickly who has arrested him for an old debt, and whom he persuades to pawn her plate to lend him ten pounds more, and the scenes with Shallow and Silence, are all inimitable. Of all of them, the scene in which Falstaff plays the part, first, of the King, and then of Prince Henry, is the one that has been the most often quoted.

One of the topics of exulting superiority over others most common in Sir John's mouth, is his corpulence, and the exterior marks of good living which he carries about him, thus "turning his vices into commodity." He accounts for the friendship between the Prince and Poin, from "their legs being both of a bigness;" and compares Justice Shallow to "a man made after supper of a cheese-paring." There cannot be a more striking gradation of character than that between Falstaff and Shallow, and Shallow and Silence. It seems difficult at first to fall lower than the squire; but this fool, great as he is, finds an admirer and humble foil in his cousin Silence. Vain of his acquaintance with Sir John, who makes a butt of him, he exclaims, "Would, cousin Silence, that thou had'st seen that which this knight and I have seen!"—"Ay, Master Shallow, we have heard the chimes at midnight," says Sir John. To Falstaff's observation, "I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle," Silence answers, "Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now." What an idea is here conveyed of a prodigality of living? What good husbandry and economical self-denial in his pleasures? What a stock of lively recollections? It is curious that Shakspeare has ridiculed in Justice Shallow, who was "in some authority under the king," that disposition to unmeaning tautology which is the regal infirmity of later times, and which, it may be supposed, he acquired from talking to his cousin Silence, and receiving no answers.

The Merry Wives of Windsor is no doubt a very amusing play, with a great deal of humor, character, and nature in it; but we should have liked it much better, if any one else had been the

hero of it, instead of Falstaff. We could have been contented if Shakspeare had not been "commanded to show the knight in love." Wits and philosophers, for the most part, do not shine in that character; and Sir John himself, by no means, comes off with flying colors. Many people complain of the degradation and insults to which Don Quixote is so frequently exposed in his various adventures. But what are the unconscious indignities which he suffers, compared with the sensible mortifications which Falstaff is made to bring upon himself? What are the blows and buffetings which the Don receives from the staves of Yanguesian carriers, or from Sancho Panza's more hard-hearted hands, compared with the contamination of the buck-basket, the disguise of the fat woman of Brentford, and the horns of Herne the hunter, which are discovered on Sir John's head? In reading the play, we indeed wish him well through all these discomfitures, but it would have been as well if he had not got into them. Falstaff, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, is not the man he was in the two parts of *Henry IV.* His wit and eloquence have left him. Instead of making a butt of others, he is made a butt of by them. Neither is there a single particle of love in him to excuse his follies; he is merely a designing, bare-faced knave, and an unsuccessful one. The scene with Ford as Master Brook, and that with Simple, Slender's man, who comes to ask after the Wise Woman, are almost the only ones in which his old intellectual ascendancy appears. He is like a person recalled to the stage to perform an unaccustomed and ungracious part; and in which we perceive only "some faint sparks of those flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the hearers in a roar." But the single scene with Doll Tearsheet, or Mrs. Quickly's account of his desiring "to eat some of housewife Keach's prawns," and telling her "to be no more so familiarly with such people," is worth the whole of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* put together."

A TALE OF NORWAY.

It was on the afternoon of a day in the latter end of August, during a pedestrian tour through Norway, that, after having traveled from the early morn through a continuous forest, I suddenly emerged upon the margin of one of those Fiords by which that country is intersected, even in the very interior. It was a calm and solitary scene: not a breath rippled the surface of the water, which lay in such glassy stillness, that I could discern, half-way across, the transient circle formed by the light dip of the sea-fowl's wing. Before me, the lake stretched, in many windings, through the forest glades, until it was lost among fantastic rocks, which might be mistaken for ruins, towering majestically up, and leaning in fine relief upon the deep blue sky. They appeared to be at least a league distant; and, before I reached them, the sun had left my path to the sombreness of evening,—but a flood of light was still poured upon the pinnacle of the rocks, and upon the spiral tops of the trees that crowned the heights, which shelved up from the water. When I attained this seeming barrier, I found

that here the water, after contracting itself into a very narrow strait, spread out in another and wider arm, whose banks were more precipitous; and as day-light was now fast departing, it was with some feelings of satisfaction that I descried, at no great distance, the gray turrets of an ancient chateau.

The building, which I now leisurely approached, was constructed like all the residences of the old Norwegian families—massive and irregular, though square. The heads of wolves, boars, and deers, rudely carved in stone, projected over each window. A high stone wall encompassed the building; and a huge gateway, of the Saxon order, over which stood, with extended wings, an uncouth representation of an eagle, holding a fish in its beak, opened upon a grass terrace overhanging the water. Two children, their fair locks curling over their necks, and, seemingly of the same age, were standing upon the terrace, who, the moment they perceived me, fled, with the speed of their native does, through the gateway. After surveying for a moment, from the terrace, the dim landscape beneath, I followed them, and was met half-way across the circular court within by the master of the house.

I expected to have been received by him with that cordial welcome which is usually found in those remote spots of earth, where the falseness and knaveries of the world have not yet approached—where the strings of benevolence have not been poisoned by ingratitude—nor suspicion entered, to close the avenues of hospitality. But my expectations were not realized. The old man did not indeed refuse to extend his hand to me, but it was hesitatingly; he did not refuse me the usual welcome of his country, but it was coldly given; nor did the children echo the welcome in the gleeful faces with which infancy had ever met me, in place where treachery had never been, but stood at a distance, holding each other by the hand, and looking as if they mistrusted me. I followed my conductor into the house, where an abundant repast was soon set before me; but it was with an indifferent relish that I partook of what I suspected to be the offering of cold civility, rather than of kind-heartedness.

I had made an end of my meal, and had emptied a goblet of birch wine to *Gamte Norgé*, to convince myself (after the example of Sterne) that I bore no grudge against the master of the house, or the land of his nativity, when he entered the room, and walking up to me, inquired if I belonged to the profession of medicine. I replied in the negative; but added, that in the course of my travels I had gathered some little knowledge of the science. "My daughter," said he, "my only daughter, is dying! Medicine, I believe, could not save her—yet come with me." The words of the old man—his tone—his countenance—smote me for my suspicions of his hospitality. "I have mistaken," said I, "the solemnity of sorrow, for the coldness of ungracious welcome."

I followed him into the chamber of his daughter; she was sitting in a chair, and looked as if life were fast ebbing away. The twin children were standing beside their mother—for they were her children—and with one arm she encircled them both, and often, with the feeble, but pas-

sionate effort of expiring strength, pressed them to her bosom. She looked at her old father, and would have spoken, but could not: but he understood her wish, for he went to her, and supported her, while she leaned forward, and put aside the silken tresses from the brows of her infants, and kissed them. She seemed scarcely twenty-five; and, though sorrow had blanched her cheek—and something more agonizing, more acute, than sorrow, had left in her heart the poison of its sting—she was beautiful still. Need I say, that when the old man looked at me, I could only shake my head. The crisis was at hand. It was now night—and as the feeble ray of a waning moon streamed faintly through the window, and fell upon the countenance of the dying, I said to myself, “another moon will rise upon her grave.” She expired the same night; I did not retire to rest, but stood in the window of my chamber until the first streak of dawn, gazing in reverie, sometimes upon the dark outlines of the forest, which the faint and fitful moonshine only defined, but was too feeble to enlighten, and sometimes upon the starry garb of night, faintly seen beneath the cloudy folds of her mantle.

It was my intention to continue my journey so soon as I had acknowledged the hospitalities received; for in such a time as this, the presence of a stranger could not be welcome. In leaving my chamber, I chose a wrong descent, which conducted me to a door that opened upon the terrace. The bereaved father was standing there, and he approached to meet me. I expressed my acknowledgments for his hospitality, and my hopes that he might be supported under his affliction; and was about to take my leave of him, when he laid his hand upon mine, and gently motioned me to return into the house. He led me to a small chamber, which overlooked the terrace and the water below: and pointing to a chair, while he seated himself in another, opposite to me, he pressed his handkerchief to his eyes, and addressed me as follows:

“You must not leave my house with suspicions of its hospitality. Your reception yesternight was ungracious; but when the events, which have brought sorrow into this family, are known to you, they will explain the coldness of the welcome with which strangers are greeted in the house of Kalmerck. My daughter, who died yesternight, was my only child; to-morrow would have been her twenty-fourth birth-day. While yet an infant, her mother died; and she grew up, beneath my eye, in virtue and gentleness—I might say in beauty too. When the days of her early childhood were passed, she was—though still a child—the companion of her father; and when years came upon me, she was my stay; and I hoped—but there is no Agnes to close my eyes!—she is gone before her father. It is six summers ago, and on an evening such as yesterday, that I was standing with my daughter on the terrace, as was our frequent custom, pointing out to her an eagle soaring above the Fiord, when a stranger turned into the winding path that leads to my gate. I went toward him, and welcomed him. He informed me he was a Swede, and by profession a portrait-painter. Agnes was then eighteen. I beckoned her to approach, and inquired of the artist if her's was a countenance

which he could copy. He undertook to produce a faithful likeness, and became an inmate in this house. His name was Scholberg; his appearance, though not youthful, scarcely indicated the meridian of life, but his countenance bore the impress of thought beyond his years.

“While the picture was in progress, the artist was our constant companion; his manners agreeable, and his information extensive—so at least it seemed to us, in this remote solitude. You will not wonder then, that the society of Scholberg had attractions for both Agnes and me—alas! for my poor daughter, it had too many.

“The picture was at length completed; this is it,” said the old man, as he drew from a cabinet a miniature picture, inclosed in a box of beech-wood, and placed it in my hand. It represented the playful countenance and slight form, of a fair and lovely girl, but just departed from childhood; and showed that the artist was deficient in neither talent nor sentiment. How different from her I had seen but yesternight—from her, who lay in the chamber of death! I withdrew my gaze from the picture, and returned it to the old man, who resumed his narrative.

“When the painting was finished, the artist still delayed to go. I was in no haste to withdraw from him the hospitality of my house; but at length some occasion offering, I suffered myself to hint at his departure—and it was then that I first discovered the truth. The happiness of my child was every thing to me; I would not risk the peace—the health—the life, perhaps, of my Agnes. In fine, after a few months, I gave her to Scholberg; and as I joined their hands, I said to them, ‘My children, you must never leave me! I am now an old man, and cannot be long in this world; but while I remain, you, Agnes, will be my support,—and you, Scholberg, whom I have made her husband, will ratify her promise. When I depart, all I have will be my child's—and you will then be free.’

“During the first four years after this union, little occurred to disturb the serenity of our lives, and the twin children you have seen are its only living pledges. I now approach that part of my relation of which I would willingly spare myself the recital; but I have not yet explained the seeming inhospitality of my house, and I must finish the narrative I have begun.

“Scholberg appeared gradually to lose his relish for the simple pleasures of our secluded life. He became abstracted and restless—subject to deep reverie—and was usually silent, unless when at times he would speak of countries which he had visited; and contrast in a few and sullen words, the varied enjoyments of more favored lands with the monotony of his present existence. Agnes, too, grew sorrowful; she grieved to find that she and her children, and the calm of domestic life, had lost their charms; and still more did she grieve to think, that the release her husband coveted, could only be purchased by the death of her father. I now approach the dreadful crisis of my story. One afternoon in May, three months ago, while standing on the terrace, looking down the Fiord, illuminated by the rays of one of the first summer suns, Scholberg proposed to renew the almost forgotten custom of rowing upon the water. For some days before he had

been less abstracted, and more willing to be pleased, and he had that day shown an unwonted playfulness of manner. Alas! it was like the sunbeam that plays upon the surface of deep water, hiding the darkness and profundity beneath. Agnes hailed the proposal as a promise of a return to old habits and lost feelings; and I, too, drew a favorable augury from it. 'Go, my father,' said Agnes; 'the air is mild, and the water calm; go with Scholberg—I will watch you from the terrace.'

"We descended the winding road, and unmoored the boat. The Fiord, as you perceive, has many headlands and branches; among these, there is one called 'The Three Brothers' Cradle,' from a tradition current in Norway, into which Agnes would never permit the boat to be conducted; she said its gloominess terrified her—and the tradition connected with it had made an early impression upon her mind. It is narrow at the entrance, and within is shaped like a bell; high rocks encircle it, rising perpendicularly from the water, which, from its unfathomable depth, is of a pitchy blackness. A few sapless birch-trees are scattered among the clefts of the rock; and on its summit, lofty firs grow to the very edge, and throw a deeper shade over the abyss beneath. To the entrance of this gulf, Scholberg rowed the skiff; and before reaching it, the sun was sinking beneath the crowded trunks of the dark trees that crowned the rocks. 'Shall we enter?' said Scholberg. When a youth, I had sometimes taken my boat thither, to scare the young eagle, and watch their ineffectual efforts to mount to the summits of the rocks; and I felt willing, after so long an absence from the spot, to recal once more the memory of those youthful days. We did accordingly enter the Cradle. Scholberg rowed nearly to the centre, when he stopped, and standing up in the boat, and looking to the sky, told me to remark the stars, which were visible, although the sun had not set. I said I could not perceive them. 'Stand up,' said he, 'as I do, and place your hands thus.' I stood and looked toward the sky—and in the same moment the boat received a sudden impulse. I staggered; and while the fall was yet uncertain, the hand of the parricide directed it! I fell into the cauldron, and the skiff shot from me. I am relating facts, and recalling feelings: what mine were, in the instant that I felt the hand of my son hurl me from life into the dark waters, I cannot describe; though, if life had its longest course to run, I should remember till its latest hour the agony of that moment. To save life by swimming would have been impossible, even to the youngest and the most vigorous—for the tide was then setting in with great force up the Fiord: but for me, an old man, even to gain the mouth of the Cradle, was impracticable—the distance was beyond my strength; and in that sunless gulph, the extreme coldness of the water must have benumbed my limbs. Yet, without any defined purpose of saving my life, natural instinct led me to preserve it as long as possible. But strength gradually failed me; and it was only in one of my latest impotent efforts to avert the moment of sinking for ever, that my hand struck a hard substance. It was the trunk of a tree; such are frequent in the Fiords. Loosened from the rafts which are

descending to the sea, they are floated whithersoever the tide and the wind may carry them; and this one had, by the providence of God, been drifted into 'The Cradle of the Three Brothers.' I grasped it with the clutch of a drowning man; and, by a desperate effort, succeeded in placing myself upon it. Salvation seemed now possible—death was at all events less near. Night was indeed approaching—and cold, and wet, and the feebleness of age, were to be endured: yet I had hope. At this moment, turning my eyes toward the mouth of the Cradle, I saw the skiff shoot through the opening, and disappear. Gradually, the tide carried me nearer the rocks, though farther from the outlet—at last I could touch them. A new and more defined hope now arose; by means of the rocks I could shape my progress. By degrees, I found myself advancing nearer the outlet. Hours were thus spent; but at length the wide Fiord, gleaming in the star-light, stretched before me. The tide was now ebbing, and I was carried, without effort, down the Fiord: until, as morning was beginning to break, the tree grounded upon the sand of a low and sheltered creak, not very distant from my own dwelling. Exhausted, I threw myself upon the sand, and fell asleep. When I awoke, the day was far advanced. Cold and benumbed, I arose, and with difficulty ascended the bank, and approached my own house. Scholberg stood upon the terrace, and I was close to him before he perceived me. 'Scholberg!' I said. He turned: and uttering a fearful yell, which still sounds in my ear, fled with the speed of lightning to the edge, and leaped into the flood below—finding the grave he had intended for me.

"My story is told. Agnes, struck with the guilt of her husband, and its awful retribution, never smiled again; and I am now left alone, with the motherless twin children."

The old man ceased; a tear rolled down his wrinkled cheek. I held out my hand to him, and turned away; and as I went on my journey, I found my eyes grow dim, when I thought of the solitary old man.

LAST NIGHT.

BY MISS JAWSBURY.

I SAT with one I lov'd last night,
I heard a sweet, an olden strain,
In other days it woke delight,—
Last night but pain!

Last night I saw the stars arise,
But clouds soon dimm'd the ether blue,
And when we sought each other's eyes,
Tears dimm'd them too.

We paced along our favorite walk,
But paced in silence broken-hearted,
Of old we used to smile and talk—
Last night we parted!

Oh! grief can give the blight of years,
The stony impress of the dead,
We look'd far away through blinding tears,
And then Hope fled!

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

BY J. HOLLAND.

THERE is amidst the earth gone forth, to set the nations free,
A giant spirit, whom even Time seems half amazed to see;
His look hath power to scatter light, his touch to sever chains,
And tyrants tremble on their thrones, and bigotry complains.

Youth hath not lately tinged the cheek, nor his light ringlets
curl'd,

His long experienced look reflects all ages of the world;
Before the flood his race began with mortal hopes and fears,
And he hath walk'd with Christian men full eighteen hundred years.

He ever was the wondrous guest of all the wondering earth,
E'en when in boyhood mightily with truth he wander'd forth;
And when his guilty youth grew up with error side by side,
And when he pluck'd from Knowledge, leaves, his infamy to hide;

And when, as proud as Lucifer, he put the mitre on,
And trampled fair Religion down, and laugh'd at what he'd
done;

And when he muster'd armed hosts in multitudes like bees,
And scatter'd them in death, as leaves are scatter'd from the
trees;

Ah, then his footsteps sounded wo, his hand was red with
crimes

And awfully polluted, stalk'd The Spirit of the Times!
At length he sought the cloister'd shade, and knelt him down
a monk,

For ages drivelling and despised, with superstition drunk.

Till, warn'd by an ambitious dream, he arm'd again for fight,
And shouting—"For Christ's Sepulchre!" rush'd forth a Red-
cross Knight;

But Heaven, in mercy to mankind, proclaimed his madness
o'er,

And bade him go and bless those lands which he had cursed
before.

A glorious scroll before him blazed, in which he read aright,
Words traced by an unerring pen, in characters of light:
Words, as pre-eminently true as wonderfully given;
Words which came down from, and led on through holiness
to Heaven;

Words which proclaim'd 'twixt man and man, Truth, Mercy,
Pence, and Love,

Which chase the lion from men's hearts, and cherish there
the dove.

And then the scene changed all around—and oh, how mighty
then

The Spirit of the Times went forth, amidst the sons of men!

He went into the cottage first, and lo! as by a spell,
Sound Knowledge was with Piety constrain'd thenceforth
to dwell:

His presence in the lordly hall astonish'd the proud peer,
But soon he grew a welcome guest, and gave his lessons here.

Yea, with undaunted steps he strode e'en through the palace
gate,

And soon—what will not spirits?—stood before the chair of
state!

While in the ear of royalty this message he imparts:—
"Kings, would ye safely reign, your thrones must be your
people's hearts."

Hail, giant Spirit of the Times!—but let us ever see
RELIGION, LIBERTY, as now, walk hand in hand with thee;
Then shall all nations bless thy course—then shall the world
indeed

From superstition be released, and from oppression freed.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

A SCOTTISH LEGEND OF 1666.

It was in the yet Doric days of Scotland (comparing the present with the past) that Kenneth Bell, one of the lairds of the green holms of Kinvaid, having lost his lady by a sudden dispensation of Providence, remained for a long time wrapt up in the reveries of grief, and utterly inconsolable. The tide of affliction was at length fortuitously stemmed by the nourice bringing before him his helpless infant daughter—the very miniature of her departed mother, after whom she had been named.

The looks of the innocent babe recalled the father's heart to a sense of the duties which life yet required of him; and little Bessy grew up in health and beauty, the apple of her father's eye. Nor was his fondness for her diminished, as year after year more fully developed those lineaments which at length ripened into a more matured likeness of her who was gone. She became, as it were, a part of the old man's being; she attended him in his garden walks; rode out with him on her palfrey on sunny mornings; and was as his shadow by the evening hearth. She doted on him with more than a daughter's fondness; and he, at length, seemed bound to earth by no tie save her existence.

It was thus that Bessy Bell grew up to woman's stature; and, in the quiet of her father's hall, she was now in her eighteenth year, a picture of feminine loveliness. All around had heard of the beauty of the heiress of Kinvaid. The cottager who experienced her bounty drank to her health in his homely jug of nutbrown ale; and the squire, at wassail, toasted her in the golden wine-cup.

The dreadful plague of 1666 now fell out, and rapidly spread its devastations over Scotland. Man stood aghast; the fountains of society were broken up; and day after day brought into rural seclusion some additional proofs of its fearful ravages. Nought was heard around but the wailings of deprivation; and omens in the heavens, and on the earth heralded miseries yet to come.

Having been carried from Edinburgh (in whose ill-ventilated closes and wyndes it had made terrible havoc) across the Frith of Forth, the northern counties were now thrown into alarm, and families broke up, forsaking the towns and villages to disperse themselves under the freer atmosphere of the country. Among others, the laird of Kinvaid trembled for the safety of his beloved child, and the arrival of young Bruce, of Powfoulis Priory, afforded him an excellent opportunity of having his daughter escorted to Lynedoch, the residence of a warmly attached friend and relative.

Under the protection of this gallant young squire, Bessy rode off on the following morning, and, the day being delightful, the young pair, happy in themselves, forgot, in the beauty of nature, the miseries that encompassed them.

Besides being a youth of handsome appearance and engaging manners, young Bruce had seen a good deal of the world, having for several years served as a member of the body guard of the French king. He had returned from Paris only a few months before, and yet wore the cap and plume

peculiar to the distinguished corps to which he still belonged. The heart of poor Bessy Bell was as sensitive as it was innocent and unsophisticated; and, as her protector made his proud steed fret and curvet by her side, she thought to herself, as they rode along, that he was like one of the knights concerning whom she had read in romance, and, unknown to herself, there awoke in her bosom a feeling to which it had hitherto been a stranger.

Her reception at Lynedoch was most cordial; nor the less so, perhaps, on the part of the young lady of that mansion, because the attendant was Bruce, the secret but accepted suitor for the hand of Mary Gray. Ah! had this mystery been once revealed to Bessy Bell, what a world of misery it would have saved her!

From the plague had our travelers been flying; but the demon of desolation was here before them, and the smoke was ceasing to ascend from many a cottage-hearth. It became necessary that the household of Lynedoch should be immediately dispersed. Bruce and Lynedoch remained in the vicinity of the dwelling-house, and a bower of turf and moss was reared for the young ladies on the pastoral banks of the Brauchie-burn, a tributary of the Almond.

It was there that Bessy Bell and Mary Gray lived for a while in rural seclusion, far from the bustle and parade of gay life, verifying in some measure what ancient poetry hath feigned of the golden age. Bruce was a daily visitant at the bower by the Brauchie-burn: he wandered with them through the green solitudes; and, under the summer sun and a blue sky, they threaded oftentimes together the mazes of "many a bosky bourne and busy dell." They chased the fantastic squirrel from bough to bough, and scared the thieving little weasel from the linnet's nest. Under a great tree they would seat themselves, as Bruce read aloud some story of chivalry, romance, or superstition, or soothed the listless hours of the afternoon with the delightful tones of the shepherd's pipe. More happy were they than the story-teller group, each in turn a queen, who, in like manner, flying from the pestilence which afflicted Florence, shut themselves up in its delightful gardens, relating those hundred tales of love which have continued to delight posterity in the glowing pages of Boccaccio.

Under whatever circumstances it is placed, human nature will be human nature still. When the young and the beautiful meet together freely and unreservedly, the cold restraints of custom and formality must be thrown aside; friendship kindles into a warmer feeling, and love is generated. Could it be otherwise with our ramblers in their green solitude?

Between Mary Gray and young Bruce a mutual and understood attachment had long subsisted; indeed they only waited his coming of age to be united in the bonds of wedlock; but the circumstance, for particular reasons, was cautiously concealed within their own bosoms. Even to Bessy Bell, her dearest and most intimate companion, Mary had not revealed it. To disguise his real feelings, Bruce was outwardly less marked in his attention to his betrothed than to her friend; and, in her susceptibility and innocent confidence, Bessy Bell too readily mistook his kind assidui-

ties for marks of affection and proofs of love. A new spirit began to pervade her whole being, almost unknown to herself; she looked on the scenes around her with other eyes; and life changed in the hues it had previously borne to the gaze of her imagination. In the absence of Bruce she became melancholy and abstracted. He seemed to her the being who had been born to render her blessed; and futurity appeared, without his presence, like the melancholy gloom of a November morning.

The physiological doctrine of temperaments we leave to its difficulties; although we confess, that in Bessy Bell and Mary Gray something spoke in the way of illustration.

The countenance of Bessy was one of light and sunshine. Her eyes were blue, her hair flaxen, her complexion florid. She might have sat for a picture of Aurora. Every thing about her spoke of "the innocent brightness of the new-born day." Mary Gray was in many things the reverse of this, although perhaps equally beautiful. Her features were more regular; she was taller, even more elegant in figure; and had in her almost colorless cheeks, lofty pale brow, and raven ringlets, a majesty which nature had denied to her unconscious rival. The one was all buoyancy and smiles; the other subdued passion, deep feeling, and quiet reflection.

Bruce was a person of the finest sense of honor; and, finding that he had unconsciously and unintentionally made an impression on the bosom friend of his betrothed, became instantly aware that it behoved him to take some step to dispel the unfortunate illusion. Fortunately the time was speedily approaching, which called him to return, for a season, to his military post in France; but the idea of parting from Mary Gray had become doubly painful to his feelings, from the consideration of the circumstances under which he was obliged to leave her. The ravages of death were extending instead of abating; and the general elements themselves seemed to have become tainted with the unwholesomeness. There was an unrefreshing languor in the air; the sky wore a coppersy appearance, and over the face of the sun was drawn as it were a veil of blood. Imagination might no doubt magnify these things; but victims were falling around on every side; and no Aaron, as in the days of hoary antiquity, now stood between the living and the dead, to bid the plague be stayed.

With a noble resolution Bruce took his departure, and sorrow, like a cloud, brooded over the bower by the Brauchie-burn. Mary sat in a quiet, melancholy abstraction; but ever and anon the tears dropped down the cheeks of Bessy Bell, as her "softer soul in wo dissolved aloud." Love is lynx-eyed, and Mary saw too well what was passing in the mind of her friend; but, with a kind consideration, she allowed the lapse of a few days to moderate the turbulence of her feelings ere she ventured to impart the cruel truth. So unlooked for, so unexpected was the disclosure, that for a while she harbored a spirit of unbelief; but conviction at once flashed over her, extinguishing every hope, when she was shown a beautiful necklace of precious stones, which Bruce had presented to his betrothed on the morning of his bidding adieu to the bower of the

Brauchie-burn. As it were by magic, a change came over the spirit of Bessy Bell. She dried her tears, hung on the neck of her friend, endeavored to console her in her separation from him who loved her, and bore up with a heroism seemingly almost incompatible with the gentle softness of her nature. She clasped the chain round the neck of Mary, and, kneeling, implored Heaven speedily to restore the giver to her arms.

Fatal had been that gift! It had been purchased by Bruce from a certain Adonijah Baber, a well-known Jewish merchant of Perth, who had amassed considerable riches by traffic. Taking advantage of the distracted state of the times, this man had allowed his thirst after lucre to overcome his better principles, and lead him into lawless dealings with the wretches who went about abstracting valuables from infected or deserted mansions. As a punishment for his rapacity, death was thus in a short time brought to his own household, and he himself perished amid the unavailing wealth which sin had accumulated.

Fatal had been that gift!—In a very little while Mary sickened; and her symptoms were those of the fearful malady afflicting the nation. Bessy Bell was fully aware of the danger; but, with an heroic self-devotion, she became the nurse of her friend; and, when all others kept aloof, administered, though vainly, to her wants. Her noble and generous mind was impressed with the conviction that she owed some reparation for the unintentional wound which she might have inflicted on the feelings of Mary, in having appeared to become her rival in the affections of her betrothed.

As an almost necessary consequence, she was herself seized with the malady of death. The evening heard them singing hymns together—midnight listened to the ravings of delirium—the morning sun shone into the bower of death, where all was still!

The tragedy was consummated ere yet Bruce had set sail for France; but the news did not reach him for a considerable time, the communication between the two countries being interrupted. His immediate impulse was to volunteer into the service of the German emperor, by whom he was attached to a squadron sent to assist Sobieski of Poland against the Turks. He never returned; and was supposed to have fallen shortly afterward, in one of the many sanguinary encounters that ensued.

The old Laird of Kinvaid awoke from the paroxysm of his grief to a state of almost dotage, yet occasionally a glimpse of the past would shoot across his mind; for, in wandering vacantly about his dwelling, he would sometimes exclaim, in the spirit so beautifully expressed in the Arabian manuscript, "Where is my child?" and Echo answered, "Where?"

The burial vaults of both the Kinvaid and Lynedoch families, who were related, were in the church of Methven; but, according to a wish said to have been expressed by the two young friends, "who were lovely in their lives, and in death were not divided," they were buried near a beautiful bank of the Almond. Several of the poets of Scotland have sung their hapless fate: Lednoch bank has become classic in story; and,

during the last century and a half, many thousands of enthusiastic pilgrims have visited the spot, which the late proprietor of Lynedoch has enclosed with pious care.

Of the original ballad only a few lines remain: they are full of nature and simple pathos.

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray

They were twa bonny lasses:
They biggit a bower on yon burn brae,
And theekit it owre wi' rashes.

They wouldna lie in Methven kirch
Beside their gentle kin;
But they would lie on Lednoch braes,
To beek them in the sun.

THE ROMAN DAUGHTER

Is the subject of our plate, which we have had engraved for the present number of the Rover. The pretended site of the adventure is shown at the church of St. Nicholas in Carcete. Byron has thus woven the charm of verse around it in the following, from *Childe Harold*.

THERE is a dungeon, in whose drear dim light
What do I gaze on? Nothing! Look again!
Two forms are slowly shadowed on my sight—
Two insulated visions of the brain;
It is not so; I see them full and plain—
An old man and a female young and fair,
Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein
The blood is nectar:—but what doth she there,
With her unmantled neck, and bosom white and bare?

Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life,
When on the heart, and from the heart we took
Our first and sweetest nurture, when the wife,
Blest into mother, in the innocent look,
Or even the piping cry of lips that brook
No pain and small suspense, a joy perceives
Men know not, when from out its cradled nook
She sees her little bud put forth its leaves—
What may the fruit be yet?—I know not—*Cain* was *Eve's*.

But here youth offers to old age the food,
The milk of his own gift:—it is her sire
To whom she renders back the debt of blood
Born with her birth. No he shall not expire
While in those warm and lovely veins the fire
Of health and holy feeling can provide
Great Nature's Nile, whose deep stream rises higher
Than Egypt's river:—from that gentle side
Drink, drink and live, old man! Heaven's realm holds no
such tide.

The starry fable of the milky way
Has not thy story's purity, it is
A constellation of a sweeter ray,
And sacred Nature triumphs more in this
Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss
Where sparkle distant worlds:—Oh, holiest nurse!
No drop of that clear stream its way shall miss
To thy sire's heart, replenishing its source
With life, as our freed souls rejoin the universe.

THE LAST OPERATION.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

"Is it really so, Mr. —? Are the indentured tyros of the profession dissatisfied with me? and dare they to brand upon my character and name, the scorn and stigma of the superannuated? Is 'solve senescentem' to be prescribed for my case? And think you, sir, that I will yield to the puerile attempt to force me to retire, and resign the post

which I won and retained by my own honorable and untiring exertions?—But I will never quit the stage while I can play my part; not even, sir, for the free benefit so generously promised."

"But, doctor, you misunderstand the purpose—you mistake the motive."

"Sir, I shall not irritate myself by further discussion. You will have the goodness to meet me at the hospital to-morrow morning—I shall myself operate upon the case you allude to; you will then see I have not forgotten the little skill you liberally admit I *did* possess. I have determined, sir, and will abide the result with my life."

Such was the conclusion of a conversation I was an auditor of, that passed between Doctor — and a gentleman, the bearer of a proposal from several junior professional expectants, who were desirous to induce him, by the offer of a considerable sum, to retire from a high medical situation he had held for nearly half a century, being of opinion his age and consequent infirmities now demanded a release and repose from anxiety and toil; but the pride of former fame, and the self-knowledge of intellectual power, which time could not utterly corrode, yet sustained the veteran practitioner, and bore him buoyantly over the waves of envious and covetous jealousy. He and I were left alone in his library where the dialogue had occurred, and for some minutes he was bitterly and deeply fretted and excited. It mortifies our vanity indelibly, and sears us to the core of the heart, to discover that the world is tired of us—that the old favorite is no longer to be greeted and welcomed with the customary applause. No man wishes to resign, not even to his child, his rank and station in existence;—the very labors and annoyances of office are, by long time and use, endeared to us; we look on them as on old friends, and I do not think that even the gladiator of old would accept the *Rudis* willingly and with joy, even though it freed him forever from the blood-shedding and mortal combat of the arena.

"How ungrateful is our fellow-man," said Doctor — to me. "I gave my life and all its powers for the benefit of the necessitous, and to reward me they push me from my seat; and I who always abhorred the ostentation that is generated by success, must terminate my life and practice with a boyish boast."

I said every thing that could calm and console him, and at his request promised to accompany him on the morrow and give him any assistance he should require. The next day rose black and wintry, and my spirits were frozen and desponding as I proceeded to my appointment: not that I distrusted either the steadiness or ability of my friend, but remembering the stake he had to play for; two lives were on the chance, and the difficulty he would encounter in trampling down and disregarding the stings of an inflamed temper, conspired to alarm me for the event which rested so entirely upon the stoical calmness of the operator. When I called at his house his servant informed me that he had driven off an hour before. When I reached the hospital the operating-room was filled with the pupils who walked the several wards; they sat on the benches arranged round and close to the walls. In the centre the

space was kept clear for the several instruments, and the chair in which the unfortunate sufferer was to be screwed down. I took up my place close to Doctor —, who was speaking to some of the *elite* of the profession who had met to consult and detail the case. He requested me to give some directions to his assistants, and to stand near him during the operation. All in the room were now silent—awfully so; every preparation was complete, and the opening of the doors looked for with a harrowing anxiety. Doctor — was certainly the most collected and resolute of the assemblage; his feelings were heroically braced up, and strengthened by a noble struggle of fortitude: a slight and involuntary shudder was observed when we heard the order, "bring up the patient." The man was immediately carried into the room attended by his only son, who was scarcely able to veil his trembling and fearful apprehension; his face was pale—paler than his father's, and he appeared as if he was suffering in his own person the pain and torment of his parent. "Which is the doctor, Richard?" The boy pointed him out, and they looked on one another as two opponents in deadly fight might gaze, before they crossed their blades, upon the face and weapon of their adversaries, knowing they were the arbiters of their mutual fate. In the eyes of both were reflected the coolness and courage of men who had summoned from the depths of their spirits and the strongest tension of their nerves the resolution and the power to perform and endure the deed and crisis that now awaited them. Doctor — walked over to his patient, kindly grasped his hand, and asked him did he feel himself quite strong and prepared.

"I have made my peace with heaven, sir, and trust my life into your hands, with confidence and without fear; only it would give me ease if you would comfort my poor boy, and persuade him to think no more of staying near me: it would break the poor child's heart to see me die." But the boy kept fast clinging to his father's hand, and would not quit him. The first and only tear then trickled down the father's cheek, and he whispered a blessing on his faithful son; and drawing him near to the chair, looked faint at him, and then to Doctor —. "I am ready now, sir; go on in God's name." The nerve, the promptitude, and the energy with which the amputation was commenced and ended, worked a wondrous change in the manner of the spectators; they were baffled in the calculation of a probable failure, and confessed with surprise, the flaming forth of the old fire of enthusiastic ardor and ability that had lighted on the veteran to his pristine reputation. The man fainted, however, and remained in a stupor and total dereliction of the animal functions for some minutes: during this time the operator watched the scarcely breathing form, as Niobe would be supposed to look upon her expiring offspring while yet a hope remained that God might spare them. His opinion relieved the load that pressed upon my heart, when he said calmly, but still with scorn and triumph, "The man will live," and the boy in a convulsion of weeping, embraced his parent's deliverer.

Professional etiquette and decorum did not restrain the tribute and expression of congratulating

praise which was warmly and passionately expressed. My friend did not then appear to feel or regard their wavering testimony to his merit. I saw him suddenly shudder, drop powerless the knife, and sink, pale and fainting on the chair, the object of his anxiety had lately vacated. We threw up the window of the apartment and procured him water, but he stirred not, and his limbs drooped more and more to the ground, as a tree inclines gradually to its fall: at last he raised his eyes to mine, and in fluttering accents said, "Well, I won that plaudit before I resigned. The old despised hound could yet track out the game, and show the yelping pack the course to follow. I am dying—the physician cannot heal himself." (Delirium then came on.) "In a week that man will be discharged cured; and mark you—no monument over me—my name will live, for I have been my own sculptor. Resign! never—but I will die—I am expiring. Hold me—firmly." The torment all must feel when life is disunited from its casket then subdued him. One groan—one sigh—and we looked upon the lifeless being that had saved the life, but who was stretched a sacrifice to his nervous apprehension and to sensitive feeling.

ALFADHEL ALDERAMY.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

THE periodical rains were over, the beautiful gardens round about Damascus were assuming every hour a more verdant appearance, and as the fervent rays fell upon the moist earth, the spring seemed ready to leap alive out of the ground. Everything attested the vivifying influence of the season. You could almost see the vegetation bursting into green life; it became manifest that universal Nature was awaking as if from sleep, opening her eyes in the shape of innumerable flowers, and preparing for a great and joyous change. A poetical fancy might have imagined that the yet undeveloped germs of future beauty and enjoyment anticipated the vernal delights in store for them; that the flowers in the blossom were dreaming of sunshine and rich odors; that the leaves in the bud, thrilling with pleasure as they waved to and fro in the soft breeze, longed to leap out of the close prisons into the sparkling air; that the roots in the ground yearned and stretched themselves upward, proud beforehand of the superb colors and graceful or stately forms, which would arrest the eye of the passenger when they rose up out of their temporary graves in all their renovated loveliness. Bright and beautiful, and associated with all cheerful and delicious thoughts, is the infancy of vegetation. Never had the celebrated gardens of Alfadhel Alderamy, the great merchant, worn a more glorious appearance of promise; and yet they retained him not in the noble mansion which they decorated—they scarcely even occupied a place in his thoughts. As he passed pensively through them, he heard not the splashing of the numerous fountains with which they were adorned; he noticed not the alcoves and arbors; the fragrance wafted upon the breeze passed by him unnoticed; his ear was deaf to the songs of the birds, some of which were already

warbling amid the palms and acacias, while others were twittering in their dreams,—for as yet the sun had hardly lighted up the towers, and mosques, and minarets of Damascus, or thrown his golden bloom upon the numerous streams that surround it with perpetual music and fertility. For Alfadhel Alderamy the splendors of nature possessed no charms, the beauties of the most romantic city in the world were utterly lost to his eye; his thoughts, I might almost have said his senses, were with the great caravan which had departed a few hours before for Aleppo, carrying with it no small portion of his fortune in the shape of diamonds and other precious stones: these he had entrusted to the care of his only son Yezid, who had received ample instructions how and where to dispose of them, and had sworn implicit obedience to his father's orders. He loved his son with no common affection; but Yezid was young and giddy, and, as it now seemed to his anxious father, scarcely competent to undertake so important a charge. This misgiving thought had prevented his closing his eyes during the whole night; not a moment's peace had he known since the caravan had departed; and after taking two or three disconsolate turns in his gardens, he determined to pursue it instantly, that he might accompany Yezid, and assume the care and management of his precious jewels.

Alfadhel possessed a fleet mare, called, in the language of Oriental exaggeration, the Outstripper of the Wind. Perhaps there was little hyperbole in the name; for many an Arabian horse-dealer would seriously maintain, that when she threw the foam from her mouth, she had been known to gallop out of sight before it reached the ground. It is not impossible, however, if these men were like their European brethren, that they might occasionally deviate, in some trifling degree, from the extreme rigor of truth. At all events, the mare was one of surpassing fleetness; and Alfadhel, having thrown himself upon her back, doubted not that he should soon overtake the caravan. His own anxiety being not less urgent than the fiery impatience of his barb, he suffered her to gallop forward for some hours with unchecked velocity, until, by her exhaustion and panting, the Outstripper of the Wind seemed indeed to have earned her name, and to have left behind her the very air which was required for her respiration. The rider, whose thoughts had gone after the caravan, still faster than his barb, no sooner perceived her distress than he reined in the generous animal, and, for the sake of the grateful shade, drew up in a lane overhung with wild figs and tamarinds interspersed with copal and gum-trees. It was customary with the Arabs at this period, as it had been with the ancient Hebrews, to manufacture a species of sackcloth from the hair of camels, which they wore at funerals and upon other occasions of sorrow. The numerous camels of the caravan that had lately passed through the narrow defile, having left a portion of their hair upon the hedges, the neighboring peasants had sent their little children to gather it; and a troop of these half-naked gleaners, with black eyes and curly polls, were busily employed in collecting the spoils. Sun-burnt and tawny, their

scanty, discolored rags harmonized well with the red ochreous bank of earth upon which they were climbing; while their glee, their clamors, and their agility, found a marked contrast in the person of a venerable, austere-looking dervise, who, having seated himself cross-legged at the bottom of the bank, retained his immovable position, blowing his horn whenever a traveler passed, and pointing to his turban on the ground by way of soliciting charity. Alfadhel, having thrown a trifle into it, remained gazing on the scene before him, while his horse took breath; when he was startled by a tittering overhead, and upon looking up he beheld with surprise a group of long-bearded brats perched upon the bough of a tree, gibbering, and mocking, and mowing at him. His amazement at this inexplicable apparition was probably visible in his countenance; for the urchins beneath, and the juvenile gray-beards above, set up a simultaneous shout of laughter; whereat the bewilderment of Alfadhel was beginning to kindle into wrath, when the dervise, propitiated by the alms he had received, informed him that the frolicsome urchins, after having satiated their appetites with some wild honey which they had discovered, had smeared their chins with it, and, by applying to them the camels' hair they had been sent to collect had presently provided themselves with most venerable-looking beards.

"How merry," exclaimed Alfadhel, who perhaps thought it necessary to moralize in talking to a dervise,—"how merry are these little thoughtless varlets, never dreaming that what they are now gathering in joy and laughter shall be worn in sorrow and steeped in tears, perhaps even by themselves!"

"If we may call the man a sorry baker, replied the dervise, "who should dislike sweet honey because it makes sour bread; so I hold him to be a sour philosopher who sighs at the sight of present happiness lest it become future bitterness and woe. Grown-up children with long beards sometimes employ themselves exactly like those youngsters, and gather and heap up in glee that which they shall wear in lamentation."

"Nay, did not our holy Prophet," resumed Alfadhel "pass his whole life in collecting the materials of sackcloth, when he declared upon his death-bed that all his days had been sorrow and vexation?"

"Let us not the less enjoy our happiness when it comes," answered the dervise, "but receive it as the earth does the refreshing showers, when she instantly sparkles in brighter colors, throws up a thousand grateful odors to Heaven, and wears a countenance of gladness, as if drought and wintry weather were never to visit her again."

"It is pleasanter to hear the words of truth from the mouth of the wise," said Alfadhel, than to catch the sound of the rivulet when crossing the parched wilderness." But, pleasant as it was he seemed to think it still more delightful to overtake his jewels; wherefore observing that his mare had in some degree recovered her breath, he resumed his journey, and, passing through the defile, presently emerged into the vast plain. At its extremity, upon the very verge of the horizon, he could distinguish a great cloud of

dust, which, interposing between the sun's rays and himself, rolled up to Heaven like the red smoke of a conflagration. Not doubting that it was occasioned by the caravan of which he was in pursuit, he struck out of the high road into the wilderness on his right, trusting that the well-known speed and vigor of his horse would enable him to reach his object much sooner than if he followed the beaten track, which described a considerable circuit. Swiftly and gallantly did his noble steed bear him onward, making way through the tangled overgrowth on the sterile champagne on the wilderness, as if he gathered up strength from the ground as she galloped over it: but Alfadhel soon discovered that he had widely miscalculated the distance; for, though the dust that he was following still remained in sight, he plunged deeper and deeper into the waste, without appearing to gain upon it; and his own strength—for, in the hurry of his departure, he had neglected to provide himself with sustenance—began to prove inadequate to the vehemence of his exertions. To add to his distress, the fierce rays of a Syrian sun darted incessantly upon his head, and he was tormented with an almost intolerable thirst; still he pressed on, seeing no human being, nor even a single beast or bird, in his progress, until, to his infinite amazement, he beheld at some distance before him what appeared to be an old man washing his scythe in a pool of water. The prospect of appeasing his thirst was so delightful, that he scarcely bestowed a second glance at the figure, who, having thrown his scythe over his shoulder, had now resumed his way across the wilderness. On reaching the brink of the pool, Alfadhel dismounted, when he observed that the water was turbid and of a sanguine hue, and that his mare, after smelling it for a second, turned away and refused to taste it. His own sufferings, however, not allowing him to be so squeamish, he threw himself upon the ground, and quaffed eagerly; but no sooner was his immediate agony appeased than he hastily arose, filled with sickness and loathing at the indescribably nauseous taste of what he had been drinking. Still it had removed his most distressing sensations: he felt refreshed for the moment, and, again mounting his mare, pursued his journey, confident that he should now be able to overtake the caravan without requiring any farther sustenance. His course being the same as that taken by the old man, he observed as he drew nearer to him, that what had before seemed to be an enveloping cloak assumed the appearance of a shroud or winding-sheet; and that the figure in its progress did not move its legs, but floated along the surface of the ground like a vapor or an apparition. Undaunted as he was by nature, an unaccountable awe took possession of Alfadhel's faculties: his blood thrilled and ran cold through his veins; and even the mare, sharing her rider's perturbation, shook violently as she started into a furious gallop, sidling away from the old man, and passing him with every look of terror. As the wind blew from the figure part of its lower garments, Alfadhel beheld two skeleton legs flitting steadily forward, but not moving as if in the action of walking; and at the same moment, the head being slowly turned toward him, the sharp lipless

fangs and the eyeless sockets of a skull grinned, and gnashed, and glared hideously upon him.

Almost withered at the sight, and filled with an unutterable dismay and horror, then first did he recollect to have heard that Death was in the habit of frequenting the pool in the wilderness to wash his polluted scythe after any great mortality, and that those who subsequently tasted the pestiferous water became infected with all the complicated diseases of his recent victims. The blood-stained hue, the empoisoned feculence—the loathsome taste of the pool, were now all explained; he had been swallowing down the most hideous maladies at every mouthful; he had at that moment a hundred horrible deaths within him. As this conviction flashed upon his maddened mind, he shivered all over: his teeth chattered audibly in his head; his hair bristled up; his heart seemed to be frozen within him; and immediately after, the arrested blood again bursting into its channels, his veins swelled, he was covered with a profuse perspiration—clammy drops oozed from every pore, his eyes became distended and red. A dizziness and universal abandonment, or rather perversion, of his senses succeeded. Hollow murmurs rang in his ears, which, though they could no longer distinguish the noise of his horse's hoofs, were appalled with imaginary groans, and shrieks, and maniac yells, and all the various cries of agony which, in the dismal purlieus of a lazar-house, make the very echoes shudder. The taste of death was in his mouth, and the sepulchral smell of it within his nostrils; for the free air of the wilderness was converted into the noisome stench of a charnel-house. But, amid all the trials that he was fated to endure, his distorted vision proved to be his keenest curse. At first, as a thick film spread itself before his eyes and gradually shut out every external object, he was merely condemned to the misery of galloping along, he knew not whither, in total blindness; but shortly he discovered that by some inexplicable process his optics, although they no longer took cognizance of the world without, had acquired the fearful power of gazing inward upon his own frame. He beheld revealed to his unwilling and revolted gaze all the mysterious functions and movements of his inner man: he could trace the previously inscrutable connexion between volition and muscular movement; he could penetrate the arcana of the nervous system; he could discern and develop all the hidden laws of our corporeal being; but that which filled him at once with terror and disgust was the observation, that all the organs of his frame were withering, morbid, or deranged. The poisonous waters of the pool had been frightfully rapid in their operation; the languid heart panted slowly and with difficulty; the discolored liver struggled in vain to perform its functions; thick and turbid, the blood flowed sluggishly through the veins; livid spots, here and there, indicated that disease had assumed a mortal character. It was manifest that the mysterious organization which constitutes life was about to be decomposed and resolved into its first elements. Alfadhel counted the pulsations of his heart as he gazed upon it with a thrilling intendment, for he began to think that every throb of his bosom would be the last.

For a moment all was dark—he saw nothing;

his faculties were suspended; and when their power returned, it seemed as if his eye had revolved upon its axis, and that he was now looking inward upon his own brain. All the inscrutable mysteries of that exquisite membrane were laid bare to his piercing vision, which was enabled to separate the physical from the moral; to detect how mind and matter acted and reacted upon each other; how thought, sense, and motion sprang from various combinations of medullary matter. The separate birthplaces of the judgment, the memory, and the imagination, and the process of their occasional fusion into one another, sometimes total and undistinguishable, sometimes allowing the predominance of one or either of the constituent elements, were visibly displayed before him. But that which amazed and interested him the most was to see the different passions of the human mind, each inhabiting a separate cell of the brain, and each personified and enlarged to his distempered eye, until it assumed the human size and form. Love sat at the entrance of his grotto, painting everything that he gazed upon in the brightest and most flattering colors; although when Jealousy, who occupied the next recess, turned his green eyes toward him, they cast such a hideous hue upon his drawing, that he shook his wings, and more than once threatened to fly to the opposite cell, whence Hatred looked out with a scowling and malignant visage. Rage stood at the door of his dwelling, raving like a maniac, and striking at random with his weapon, which fortunately did little injury, since, by his hasty and injudicious management of it, he had blinded himself at the outset. Revenge lurked among the gloomy caverns, gnawing his own heart, and looking wistfully at Despair, who was lifting a bowl of poison to her lips, although Pity, with tears and supplications, implored her to desist; and Hope, pointing to the figure of happiness, in a distant cell, endeavored to dazzle the eyes of the sufferer by continually turning toward her the bright side of a reflecting-glass. Fear ran and hid herself at the appalling sight; Joy threw down his goblet, and ceased his jocund roundelay, and all seemed to be affected by the spectacle except Religion, who, on her knees apart, with eyes fixed on Heaven, and thoughts outpouring in prayer, appeared, in her communion with the skies, to find a solace for every touch of woe.

A period of blank oblivion succeeded to this mental phantasmagoria; on his recovery from which, Alfadhel found himself stretched upon the ground, without knowing when or how he had fallen from his mare; which was no longer visible. Probably his insensibility had continued for sometime, for the sun was now setting; and the diseases with which the waters of the pool had impregnated his whole system had made terrific progress in the interval. His agonies were of a contradictory nature, and became more acute from their sudden contrast and apparent incompatibility. From the sensation of a raging fever, burning in his very bones, and sending liquid fire through every vein, he would change to the torments of cold, acute rheumatism, while his whole frame shivered, and his teeth rattled in his head, as if his heart's blood was frozen. Cholic and acute inflammations of the most sen-

sitive organs were instantly succeeded by the pangs of ague, dropsy, asthma, and palsy. Paralysis and apoplexy, torturing cramps, cancers and convulsions, aches and epilepsy, nausea and swoonings, inflicted their separate anguish just long enough to be individualized, when they were supplanted by some new and still more torturing torment: while night-mare, hypochondria, and all the ghostly and spectral abominations of delirium, haunted his imagination, as if it were decreed that the sufferings of his mind should equal, if possible, those of his writhing body.

The wretched Alfadhel, casting his eyes despairingly about him, beheld at a little distance a ruined building toward which he crawled, in the hope of protecting himself from the wild beasts; at least until his death, which he now considered to be rapidly approaching. Not without difficulty and many groans and screams of pain did he succeed in ensconcing himself, with his drawn scymetar in his hand, behind a heap of rubbish in one corner of the dilapidated structure, where he had scarcely remained five minutes when, to his utter amazement and consternation, he saw two armed men enter the place, leading between them his son Yezid blindfolded and pinioned. From their conversation he gathered that they formed part of a band of robbers, who, having attacked and overmastered the caravan, had spared the life of his son upon the promise of giving up to them the valuable jewels carefully concealed about his person; and had brought him to the ruin to disburthen him of his hidden treasures. One by one, as their prisoner told them where to search, did they make the most rare and costly gems emerge from the folds of his innermost garments, and deposit them in a small leather bag; Alfadhel feeling all the while, that, in addition to his other miseries, they were thus reducing him to a comparative state of poverty, although, even if his sore sickness had allowed him to interfere, his doing so would only have been the signal of death both to himself and Yezid. Well convinced of this, he continued to watch their proceedings in a transfixed silence until the robbers, having despoiled their prisoner of all that he possessed, retired to the back of the cave, and seating themselves on the pile of rubbish immediately before Alfadhel, began to converse in a low whisper. One suggested to the other, that as their prisoner, in spite of his most solemn protestations, probably retained about his person the most valuable of his gems, the only way to secure their prize was to murder him, leave his body in the ruin, and carry off his clothes that they might rip them open at their leisure. To this atrocious proposition his companion yielding an immediate assent, they drew their daggers, and began to steal slowly toward the blindfolded Yezid. Danger and even death itself, no longer possessed a particle of terror for the affectionate and agonized father: he tried to brandish his sword, to rush forward, to scream out; but stiffened and transfixed, either from the horror of the scene, or from the effect of the waters of the pool, his faculties refused to act; his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, not a muscle of his body would move. This paroxysm enchained him until he saw them raising their daggers, when, his suspended ener-

gies returning to him in one concentrated rush, he uttered an unearthly shriek that echoed for miles around, and springing into the air like a tiger, descended with his naked scymetar in his hand between the assassins and his beloved son. The fiercest tiger would not have been half so terrible to them as this appalling apparition; at sight of which they burst out of the ruins with a shout of terror, leaving the bag of jewels behind them.

Alfadhel had just strength enough left to cut his son's fetters with his weapon, and to murmur out, "The mare! the mare!—mount dearest Yezid, and fly!" when he fainted away. His son, who had instantly torn the bandage from his eyes, concluding from these words that the animal was at no great distance, blew a whistle that hung around his neck, and the mare, refreshed by pasture and repose, came presently bounding and neighing to the ruins. Yezid, having secured the bag of jewels in his bosom, contrived to place his father upon the mare's back, mounted behind him, as he did not know where he was, and the night had moreover fallen, dark around them, he left the reins fall upon the animal's back, trusting to her well-known sagacity to find the way to Damascus. His reliance was not misplaced: before the sun arose, Alfadhel was in bed in his own mansion, attended by two of the most eminent physicians. Several weeks elapsed before he was completely restored to health; but the former weakness of his mind did not return with the renovated strength of his body. Alfadhel Alderamy was an altered man. Forswearing the mercantile anxieties and avarice which had hitherto saddened his life, he devoted himself to the embellishment of his delicious gardens, to the contemplation of the beauties of charitable practices, and to the observance of a cheerful piety. "Let us never repine, my son," he exclaimed to Yezid, "at the dispensations of Providence, for the most apparent afflictions will often prove to be concealed blessings. Behold! did I not impiously murmur at my inability to overtake the caravan?—at the calamities with which I was visited after having tasted the waters of the pool? Lo! they were the means by which both our lives were preserved, and even my treasure rescued from the grasp of the robbers. When the voice of the Lord is heard in thunder, when the frowning heavens are dark and lash the earth with rain, what is the result of their seeming anger? Do they not shower down future flowers and verdure?—does not every drop sow perfume and beauty in the ground? Blessed, even thus, is the storm of sorrow that falls upon our heads, if it serve to bring forth in our hearts the undeveloped fruits of resignation and virtue; and since we are too blind to distinguish good from evil, or to detect the hidden consequences of either, our ignorance may at least teach us this knowledge—that, whatever happens, it is equally vain and impious to repine at the will of Heaven.

THE FUR CLOAK.

A REMINISCENCE OF KOSCIUSKO.

It was in the winter of 1805, that I was dining at Mr. Jefferson's, when, soon after leaving the

table, I was seized with an ague, and obliged to leave the charming circle that had collected in the drawing room.

Mr. Jefferson with, almost paternal kindness, insisted on wrapping me in his *fur cloak*, which, while it completely shielded me from the night air, had the more powerful effect of conquering my shivering, by exciting my imagination.

"Strange!" thought I, "that an obscure individual in America, should be wrapped in the same mantle that once enveloped the Czar of Russia—that was afterward long worn by the patriot hero of Poland, and now belongs to one of the greatest men alive. I wish the cloak could speak and tell me something of each of its possessors. Of the insane despot, the Emperor Paul, to whom it originally belonged, it could tell me of no act of his life half so good as it might tell of the good Kosciusko, to whom the cloak was afterward transferred.

This brave man, inspired by an inherent and inextinguishable love of liberty, had, when a mere youth, forsaken his native country—the luxuries of wealth, and the allurements of pleasure, to enlist and fight in our cause. Many were the privations he endured, and the dangers he encountered, for the sake of that righteous cause to which his whole life was devoted. To a courage the most unshrinking, and a spirit the most daring, he added a tenderness and delicacy of feeling, almost feminine, and a refinement of taste which led him, amid the ruggedness and hardships of a camp, to cultivate the gentle arts of peace. The daring soldier in the field of battle, was the tender and sentimental companion of virtuous women; the ornament of the drawing room, and the favorite of the domestic circle.

Even in garrison, the pursuits of a simple and refined taste were not neglected. At the fort of West Point, where his regiment was long beleaguered by the British forces, we are still led to a spot among the rocks, called Kosciusko's garden. There, on the high and rocky banks of the Hudson, he amused his leisure moments in cultivating flowers. Nature had supplied no soil for their growth, but, with indefatigable toil and inexhaustible patience, he supplied the deficiency of Nature. The spot he had chosen was inaccessible to vehicles of any kind, and he carried the soil himself in baskets and deposited it in the recesses of the rocks.

There, morning and evening, leaving the coarse merriment and sensual pleasures of the camp, he tended his flowers, or, giving himself up to the stillness of solitude, would sit on some projecting rock and watch the majestic stream that flowed at his feet, or the clouds that floated over his head.

Who that could than have looked on the slight and tender youth, the pretty boy—for so small and delicate were his form and features, that he seemed little more; who that looked on him, hanging with delight over a bed of flowers would have recognized in him the commander of armies, the hero of his nation? How lovely is the union of greatness and goodness? It was the blending of these qualities that made Kosciusko as beloved as he was admired, and kindled in other bosoms, a portion of that enthusiasm which glowed in his own. Yes, even I, than a young and thought-

less girl, felt the power of that enthusiasm, which inspired a nation of freemen, and collected thousands around the standard of this patriot soldier.

For days and weeks have I sat, with increasing delight, beside his couch, and listened to the stories of his battles and hair breadth escapes, of his successes and defeats, his triumph and captivity, on one day a conqueror, the next, a prisoner.

Though more than thirty years have since passed, I can still see, as I saw him then, pale, emaciated, wounded; his almost fragile form reclined upon a couch, supported by pillows, with a little table drawn close beside him, on which he leaned his elbow, supporting his head on his hand; that wounded head around which he wore a bandage of black riband, instead of the laurel wreath he had so nobly won. But the indelible scar, which that bandage covered, was the seal of glory.

The table was covered with books, pens, pencils: with letters from numerous friends and tributary verses from every European nation. With what delight did I avail myself of his permission to examine all things, and how kindly did he indulge my youthful curiosity in reading to me many of these effusions of friendship, admiration and love; yes, love: for I remember well, that one of the letters was from a lady, who had loved him when a volunteer in our army. It began thus:

"By what title shall I address thee, oh, being, still too dear and too well remembered! shall I call thee the defender of thy country? oh, no it is too awful. Hero of Liberty? it is too high. Noble Pole? oh, that speaks of another and far distant country; what then shall I call thee, that will bring to recollection the days of past years? I will call thee Kosciusko! other names may need titles, but this is, itself, the highest title. This, indelibly engraven on my heart, will brightly shine in the pages of history. Welcome then, Kosciusko, welcome to the country that reveres, and to the heart that adores you!"

Such, or nearly such, were the glowing words of this impassioned letter; they were so accordant with the girlish romance of my disposition, that they made an eneffaceable impression on my memory. Perhaps—nay, certainly, he ought not to have shown this letter. But, after all, heroes are but men, and he had, alas, too many of the weaknesses of poor human nature, and I cannot deny, that vanity was one. I recollect, too, some very beautiful verses sent him by Miss Porter, the distinguished novelist; but they came not from her heart and therefore did not reach mine. They were complimentary verses in praise of the patriot and hero. Hero!—how different were my ideas of the person of a hero, from that of Kosciusko.

From my childhood, his name had been familiar to my ear, and I had heard of his youthful achievements in defence of our liberty. At the time of his return to our country, his fame had preceded his arrival. His bold enterprize, his patient endurance, his invincible courage, his unyielding firmness and his ardent patriotism, were the daily theme of private circles, and public journals, and when he landed on our shores he was welcomed with unbounded enthusiasm, and crowds eagerly

ran to catch a glimpse of one of their earliest defenders.

When he arrived in the little town in which I lived, and became an inmate of the house of one of my relations, I felt emotions it is impossible to describe. My young imagination embodied this 'apostle of liberty,' as he was sometimes called, in a form grand imposing and venerable; with a figure, commanding as that of our own Washington, and a countenance far more expressive. My fancy pictured him forth with noble features, beautiful large penetrating eyes, and an air of loftiness and grandeur. When I was led up to his couch, and saw a diminutive and feeble old man, with a pale face, turned up nose, little blue eyes, and thin, light colored hair, I could not at first believe that it really was the renowned Kosciusko, and, for a time, my enthusiasm was entirely extinguished, for there was nothing about him to counteract the effect produced by his appearance, and I must own I never recovered those feelings which his fame had inspired—feelings excited by moral grandeur. His manners and conversation were as little imposing as his person and countenance. I continually endeavored, by recalling his great actions to mind, to rekindle my enthusiasm. I never succeeded—nothing he said, or looked assisted the illusion; no, not even when he described the conflicts in which he had been engaged, could I realize the pale, feeble, little man, whom I looked upon, was the commander of armies, and the idol of his country. But a tenderer sentiment soon took the place of this high wrought enthusiasm, for, when he talked of his sufferings, his bosom cares and anxieties—his high hopes and his deep despair, it was impossible to listen and not to feel a deep interest and tender sympathy.

His mild countenance, soft voice and gentle manners, were in harmony with such details.

In our little town, there were few who thought of approaching *the great man*, and he was left in comparative solitude—at least to the quiet of the domestic circle of our family.

I was a romantic girl, a young enthusiast, and much indulged. I soon found a low seat beside his couch, on which I every day passed many hours. He loved to talk of himself, and perhaps perceived no one listened to him with so eager and untiring an attention as I did; who is there insensible to the pleasure of exciting strong emotion, deep interest and tender sympathy? Some there are, and I think he was one who felt peculiar pleasure in awakening these emotions, in the artless and unsophisticated mind of youth, where they were blended with strong curiosity and astonishment.

My fixed gaze, tearful eyes, and glowing face so clearly evinced the interest I took in his conversation, that no doubt it led him into details he would not otherwise have given. I have forgotten few of these details, and could fill a volume were I to write all that I remember; but, at present, I will only repeat the account he gave me of the manner in which he became possessed of the Fur Cloak, though the incidents connected with his defeat, following the battle in which he was made prisoner and his feelings on the occasion, are so interesting, that I can scarcely omit them. But these are matters of history.

"I expected," said he, "on my arrival at St. Petersburg, to be thrown into a dungeon and loaded with chains; but no such thing—Catharine, though an embittered, was not a cruel enemy; I had fought only for the liberty of my country, and although she wished to destroy that liberty, she respected its defender.

"The confinement to which she consigned me was rigorous in the extreme—but I was allowed every comfort compatible with the security of my person and prevention of my intercourse with society.

"My apartment was large and commodious, my table well spread, and books, materials for writing, drawing and painting were amply supplied.

"Could I for one moment have forgotten my poor, bleeding, and enslaved country, I could have been almost happy. But my country in chains, and struggling for freedom, was a thought never absent from my mind, and produced a restlessness and impatience scarcely to be endured. Imagine a mother hearing the cries of a child in agony, forcibly withheld from running to its assistance, and you may then imagine my feelings. I sometimes thought, that in a dark dungeon, and chained to the ground, I could have endured confinement with less impatience than in my spacious and lightsome apartment, which wore the semblance and breathed the air of liberty, while I was, in fact, as much enchained as if loaded with fetters. I was not, indeed, fettered with iron chains, but what was more intolerable, with the eternal presence of men—of men on whose sympathies I might have worked had time been allowed me. But this was a contingency, against which my sagacious, as well as powerful enemy had securely guarded.

"During the eighteen months I was confined at St. Petersburg, I never, for two hours successively, saw the same face. The guard stationed in my apartment was changed every hour. Compute how many hours there are in eighteen months, and you will know how many strange faces I looked upon during the time of my imprisonment. Never, for one moment, was I left alone!

"Escape was impossible. After a time, this conviction brought with it more composure, and I could read, write, and draw; the latter talent was the source of much amusement, and in the creations of my pencil, I found a substitute for those of nature. Yes, the flowers grew under my hand—the landscape was lit with sunshine and smiled in verdure, and, at times, I felt emotions of pleasure, similar, if not equal to those which living flowers and real landscapes could give. And sometimes, too, I would recover the presence of those I loved—I would trace their features, and draw eyes that seemed to looked at me, and lips that seemed to speak.

"Thus did I seek to beguile the weary monotony of my confinement. But more heavy and more weary was each succeeding day, and there were moments when I felt such disgust of life, that I was tempted to destroy it—yet, loathing life, I live; for against hope I hoped.

"One day, awakening from a sleep into which I had fallen, on opening my eyes, I saw a stranger sitting on the foot of my couch, earnestly regard-

ing me. I started up, with, I suppose, a look of alarm, for the stranger said to me.

"Be not alarmed, I bring you good tidings—your inexorable enemy is dead. Catharine died this morning—you are free!

"Free!" I exclaimed, "impossible."

"Not impossible," he answered. "I am Paul, and I tell you you are free."

"After the first emotions of joy and surprise had subsided, the Emperor told me I was at liberty to leave St. Petersburg and to go to any country I pleased, Poland excepted. He offered me any sum of money I should desire. I declined receiving more than was sufficient to defray my expenses to London and from thence to America. When he found I would not take the heavy purse he earnestly pressed on me, he took from his shoulders a rich fur cloak he wore, and throwing it over mine—"wear this for my sake," said the Emperor."

On leaving this country for Europe, Kosciusko left this cloak with his revered friend Jefferson.

NEW BOOKS.

TRAVELS IN NORTH AMERICA. By Charles Lyell, Esq., F. R. S., author of "Principles of Geology." New York; Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway.

This is decidedly the most manly and independent book of travels in this country that we have read for a long time. Besides his opinions on "manners and things," which so far as we have seen, are just and to the purpose, the author has enriched his work with valuable geological observations on the United States, Canada, and Nova Scotia. The publishers have issued two editions—one in full cloth with map and colored plates, price \$1.75; and one containing merely the sheets put up in a stout paper cover, price 75 cents.

THE CROCK OF GOLD. By Martin Farquhar Tupper. New York, Wiley & Putnam.

This delightful work, having read, we pronounce one of the best novels of the day. Besides possessing intense interest, its moral tone is very high and pure, and no person can rise from its perusal without being tenfold repaid for the time he has spent over its pages. It forms the eighteenth number of the Library of Choice Reading.

THE AMERICAN REVIEW FOR AUGUST. Wiley & Putnam.

We should have noticed this magazine last week, but neglected it in a crowd of other business. We do not see that it has lost any of its freshness and vigor, and if the party to which it belongs do not ably sustain it, they are deserving of reprimand. It is filled with first class articles, among which we notice a valuable paper from William Wallace, entitled "Blennerhassett and Burr." We saw portions of it in manuscript, and were much struck with its boldness and originality. Poe has an article on the American Drama. The Editor, Mr. Colton, does admirable duty.

THE CHALLENGE OF BARIETTA. By Massimo D'Azeglio. Translated and edited by C. Edwards Lester. New York; Paine & Burgess, 62 John street.

This delightful and fascinating romance forms number one of a new library series, entitled "the Medici Series of Italian Prose." The Challenge of Barletta has been considered the most popular and most ably written of all the Italian romances. The work is beautifully got up, and we doubt not that the publishers will reap a good harvest from their proposed enterprise. Price 50 cents.

ESSAYS. By John Abercrombie, M.D., F.R.S.E. New York, Harper & Brothers.

This is a neat edition of the last production of the late Dr. Abercrombie. It is from the nineteenth Edinburgh edition. There are five Essays, viz. Harmony of Christian Faith and Christian Character; Culture and Discipline of the Mind; Think on these Things; The Contest and the Armor; The Messiah as an Example.

TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO. New York; Harper & Brothers.

This is a valuable book. The author has been acknowledged as one of the earliest and most distinguished European travelers. The volume has been greatly amended and enlarged from early manuscripts, recently published by the French Society of Geography, and in Italy by Count Buldella Boni.

THE TREASURY OF HISTORY, number seven, has been published by Daniel Adee, 107 Fulton street. It concludes British history, bringing events down from 1776 to the present day, and contains a spirited account of the troubles between that country and her colonies—a thrilling picture of Napoleon's erratic career—the times of George IV., William IV., and Victoria—the operations of the British in India, China, and elsewhere—as well as a part of the history of Ireland.

THE DUTY OF AMERICAN WOMEN TO THEIR COUNTRY. Harper & Brothers.

This seems to be a very instructing and interesting book, and we recommend it to all our lady friends as worthy of their perusal.

CHANGING OUR NAME.

At the conclusion of the present volume, which will end on the 13th September, we shall drop the name of the ROVER, and adopt that of the

NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

VOLUME I.....SEPTEMBER 20, 1845.....NUMBER 1.

The following are among some of the reasons which have moved us to this course:

1st. Because of the unpopularity of its present name, injurious to its character as an elegant magazine of polite literature, which has kept many persons from patronizing it, thinking, by our title, that we were "no better than we should be."

2d. As we have such constant calls for back numbers and complete sets of the previous volumes, we have a desire to commence a new series in order that our patrons may have an opportunity to possess themselves of an entire work, beginning with the first number of a new volume.

3d. Because we wish to make many improvements in the department of illustrations, and in the editorial management of its pages—to superintend the former, we have secured the services of one of the first artists of the country, and to the latter we shall devote our entire time and energies, which heretofore we have been unable to do, from a pressure of other and arduous duties.

We shall publish it weekly, as at present, and each number will contain besides, other elegant illustrations woven into the letter press.

A BEAUTIFUL NEW ENGRAVING ON STEEL, got up expressly for the work, accompanied by descriptive text.

IF The plate edition, without stitching, can go in the mail at newspaper postage. This is a great advantage over the monthlies. Our terms of subscription will be as follows:

With steel plate and cover, \$2.00 a year, in advance;

Without the plate and cover—simply the sheet containing the reading matter and wood illustrations—\$1.00 a year, in advance.

Persons remitting one year's subscription, previous to the first of September, for the forthcoming new series, shall receive gratis the concluding numbers of the present volume, which end September 13—six numbers.

Commission to agents, procuring yearly subscribers, 20 per cent., or the sixth copy gratis.

ROBINSON & CO.

IF Our last letter from our agent, J. P. L., was dated June 14, Eimyr, N. Y. We have not had one from Jackson, Mich.

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Painted by J. M. W. Turner

THE HARVEST WAGON.

Engraved by the Revue



Diagram of the River